Mr. DREYDEN VINDICATED,

IN A

REPLY

TO THE

Friendly Vindication of Mr. *Dreyden.*

WITH

REFLECTIONS

On the ROTA.

Demitte Auriculas, ut Iniquæ mentis Asellus
Quum gravius dorso subiit onus. Hor. *lib.* 1. *Serm. Sat.* 9.

LONDON:

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Mr. Dreyden Vindicated.

SIR,

Caſting my eyes upon the Title of your Pamphlet, I promiſed my ſelf a Diverſion I have much coveted, that is, a Vindication of Mr. *Dreyden*, whoſe Pen at preſent is one of the moſt Ingenious and Innocent Recreations *England* enjoys; when proceeding to ſatisfie my Curioſity in the Diſcourſe as before in the Title, I perceiv'd 'twas my Deſtinie to ſhare with Mr. *Dreyden* in his Abuſe; onely with this difference: His Reputation, and my loſt time were the Preys. As for my Injury, I had let it ſleep, in reſpect that it was not onely mine, but a general Calamity: But when I found Mr. *Dreyden* ſo courſly handled, fearing ſuch Diſcourſes might be of ill conſequence, (as Preſidents who make it a Mode to decry all Ingenuity) the Zeal and Reverence I had for Learning, Wit, and Innocent pleaſure, urg'd me (in this enſuing Treatiſe) to vindicate *him*, who is ſo great a Patron of all thoſe three Virtues.

The world is now ſo over-run with *Wits*, that *Poets* have as hard a Task as Women's Parſons or Taylors, not one in ten pleaſes. So numerous are the Criticks, ſo frequent is Wit, and ſo elevated are their Fancies, that as a

great Lady did, they forget Common Notions, and cry to their ſervants, *Give me, give me, give me, I think ye call it a Pin.*

Nay, your ſtomachs are now grown ſo ſqueamiſh, that good ſolid Senſe will not take; no, it muſt have Wit: But if you hear a ſentence which is a Jeſt with no Senſe in it, then away you run with that; 'tis Wit, 'tis Wit; no matter for Senſe. Now of this latter ſort of Wit is the *Rota* ſtill'd with, from whence ſprung your Pamphlet as Branches from the Root of a tree: neither are you leſs ſevere; but as the Greateſt Treaſons are generally Maqueraded, and acted privately, ſo is yours, who meets him with a kiſs, and then ſtabs him; Reprieves him in your Title, and Condemns him in your Book.

As on Mr. *Dreydens* behalf I cannot but be exceeding ſorrowful that the *Rota* ſo ſurpriz'd him, as to put him in a Swound. (*with his Critical Engines levell'd againſt his Sieges and Conqueſts*) ſo on the Publicks behalf I greatly rejoyce that you have found out ſuch an eaſie Expedient to recover one out of a Trance, as you ſay *Tweaking by the Noſe* is. Had you been Contemporary with *Mahomet*, and of his Cabal, you muſt either have conceal'd that Expedient, or you had confounded him for a Prophet. But howſoever, I hope you'll be ſo good a Commonwealths-man as to put it in *Culpeper's* Diſpenſatory at the Next Impreſſion.

I am altogether Ignorant whether your Expectation is of ſucceeding Mr. *Dreyden* in his Lawrel. If ſo, your War is Lawful. But the world is apt to cenſure it may be with you as with ſome Univerſity-profeſſors of Wit, who having learnt one or two Sentences of Latine, or Divine Clinches, make Diſcourſes on purpoſe to extend them. Some Authors are as thrifty of their Jeſts, as Chancery-Clerks of their words, who allow but three a peny in their Writings. But you are as free of your Wit and Jeſts, as Citizens of Macquerel when they are Twenty a Groat,

Groat; that you may winde the houſe (where they are) before you ſee it.

Thoſe Objections you raiſe againſt Mr. *Dreyden*, are obſerv'd to be collected not ſo much out of Mr. *Dreyden* as out of the *Rota*; which makes your Readers conjecture you to be ſome Itinerant Paſtor, that takes Breviates at *London*-Sermons, and then in the Country vents them for his own, and makes them fit any Text, though the Foppery be the ſame.

You were gay-humour'd, and you are
Now penſive;
Once calm, and now unquiet.

Here you have borrow'd an Objection from the *Rota*, and for want of French fallen into their Miſtake: for *Gay-humour'd* is nothing elſe but *Gayeté du Cœur*, and an expreſſion that may be apply'd without forfeiture of Reſpect to any perſon how great ſoever. Beſides, if this expreſſion were not refin'd enough for a Privie Counſellor to ſalute his Soveraign with, yet it were for a Chamber-maid, ſhe never being bred up at the Univerſity.

Ev'n as the fearful Hare when cours'd on Plain,
and longer can't her flight maintain;
By the fierce Dog, with flix turn'd up does lie,
Who though not kill'd, yet cannot flie.

Here I finde the main ſcruple which troubles his Conſcience is, why Mr. *Dreyden calls fearful, ſo timerous a creature as a Hare naturally is?* To which I Reply: Why do we ſay, *Cruel Tyrant*, or *Wicked Rogue?* ſince a Tyrant naturally is ſo Cruel, and a Rogue ſo Wicked: for a Tyrant hath as little mercy; and Rogue goodneſs, as an Hare valour. *Pavidumq; Leporem*, ſays *Horace*, Epiſt. 2. Alſo this Simile was appl'd onely to the Ship, and not to the Prince; wherefore it injures not him: and I believe the Ship never askt for Juſtice againſt Mr. *Dreyden*'s Simile.

Methinks the Gentleman who was ſo Indulgent to Mr. *Drey-*

Dreydens Reputation, ſhould have a little conſider'd his own, and retain'd that Wit for himſelf which he ſo freely beſtows on Mr. *Dreyden*, when he turns

This is my Will, &c. into

This is my Wit, and this my Wit ſhall be.

He might e'en as well have ſaid,

I love Wit, but Wit loveth not me.

As Sir *Roger* ſaith of Tobacco in the Play, when it makes him ſick:

I love it, but it loveth not me: this is my will, and this I will have done.

In the Deſcant upon theſe words, I finde the Author of the *Rota* goes a little beyond our Vindicator, and quarrels with the Chiming of the two words *Will* and *Will*; whereas that Ingemination addes a further grace and force to the Authority of the Reſolution. Neither can it properly be call'd a Tautologie, the inculcating of a Command; as if a man ſhould ſay, *You ſhall, you ſhall, I ſay you ſhall do't*; where's the Chime or the Abſurdity of the ſame thing again? But here we have reaſon to imagine that worthy Gentleman (who was ſo indulgent to Mr. *Dreyden's* Repute) had more experience in Limning then Poetry, by his diſcourſe of Mr. *Dreyden's* pale and Vermilion cheeks; which terms of Art are to hint you of his skill in Polygraphy. He does like a Country-Juſtice in a Coffee-houſe, that brings in *Henry* the 8's Statutes, or *Dalton*, upon all occaſions, to ſhew his Reading; or as ſome Apothecaries, that will run you over all the Titles of their Gally-pots, to be thought Doctors. Again, the ſame indulgent party complains of the conjunction of *Sawcie* with *Boldneſs*, in the *Maiden-Queen*.

I muſt tell you it is a ſawcie
Boldneſs thus to preſs on my Retirements.

Nay, and to make theſe words ſeem more Ridiculous, he ſays that *Saucie-Boldneſs* is a pretty Sawcebox-word. Truly a very ingenious Quibble: A man would almoſt ſwear

ſwear this Gentleman to be the Poetaſter that in a Reply upon *Doctor Wild's Poems*, Chriſten'd him the *Wild Poet*. But for his better information, the Epithet of *Sawcie* ſerves very well to diſtinguiſh an *Impudent* or an *Inſolent Boldneſs*, from a *generous* : as put the caſe, A man ſhould take the freedom to paſs a Judgement upon the *Boldneſs* of the *Vindicator* ; there is a *Boldneſs* in cenſuring the Style of a man that writes better than himſelf; and that's an *Arrogant Boldneſs* : there is a *Boldneſs* of cenſuring a man that lives better than himſelf ; and that's a *Scandalous Boldneſs* : and then there's the *Boldneſs* of *Blind Bayard*, that makes a man run his head againſt Stone-walls ; and that's a *Bruital Boldneſs*. I ſhall leave the *Vindicator* to take his Choice : for my Buſineſs is onely to prove that *Boldneſs* requires an *Epithet* to clear it. Another of your Comerades condemns Mr. *Dreyden*'s Fiction in *Tyrannick Love*, pag. 4.

-Midſt this was heard the Shrill *and* Tender *cry*
Of well-pleas'd Ghoſts which in the ſtorm did fly,
Danc'd *to and fro, and skim'd along the Ground,*
Till to the Magick Circle they were bound--

Upon theſe Lines I perceive the Worthy Gentleman is offended that Mr. *Dreyden* permits his Ghoſts to *Sing and Dance* : which is no great matter to him, ſo long as he is at no Charge either for *Singing-maſter* or *Dancing-maſter*. But his chief Cavil is at the words *Shrill* and *Tender* as inconſiſtent ; which moſt ingeniouſly he illuſtrates by *Harſh* and *Gentle*. Now if Ghoſts in general may be admitted, I beſeech you let us imagine withal, that there is ſomething for them to do ; and it ſhall be all one to me whether they *ſing* & *dance*, or play on the Sackbut or the Jews-trump. But to juſtifie the Congruity of the words *Shrill* and *Tender*, the former relates properly to the exility of the Sound, and the other with the ſoftneſs of the voice denotes alſo a gentleneſs of Diſpoſition or Affection. Who knows but that Ghoſts may ſing and dance as well

well as when they were Men and Women? I am ſure if *Valeria's Ghoſt* in *Tyrannick Love* ſpeaks truth, they do: for ſhe ſays,

--That after death we Sprights have juſt ſuch Natures
We had for all the world when Humane creatures.-

Your next Quarrel is at theſe Lines in *Maximin*:

--They Courſing *it* as He were *fenc'd within*,
And ſaw this dreadful Scene of Fate begin.--

Your Aſteriſm* upon *They*, and then your Marginal Comment upon it, *viz. The Rota Courſing his Muſe*, has left us more in the Dark then we were before: for I hope you do not intend to make a pack of Curs of the Cabal, or that his Muſe is brought upon the Stage to be baited to death, as the Primitive Chriſtians were upon the Theatre. But your main Criticiſm lies upon placing *as he were* in ſtead of *while we were*: whence ariſe two difficulties, *viz.* upon *as* in ſtead of *while*; and then *he* for *we*. The *latter* was manifeſtly the Printers miſtake; the *former* ſeems to me to be none at all: for *as* and *while* are very commonly and warrantably us'd to the ſame purpoſe; for Inſtance, *As* I was in my Chamber, *&c.* why not *As* as well as *while*? But ſome people love to play with words, as a Cat with a Feather, or an Ape with a pair of Breeches; ſometimes with his head out at the Kneetyes, ſometimes at the Codpiece, ſometimes at the Waſteband; when the Breeches are the ſame ſtill, which way ſoever he turns them. Again, I perceive you are much diſguſted with thoſe Lines of *Maximin*:

-Provoke my Rage no further, leſt I be
Reveng'd at once upon the Gods and thee.--

Where you accuſe Mr. *Dreyden* for Profaneneſs. This Nicety perchance may advance the ſale of your Book among the pretended Zealots; yes, and your Reputation too; although it were as abſurd to make an Atheiſt ſpeak piouſly, as a pious man Atheiſtically: but the ſound of Religion goes a great way with thoſe that place it rather

in

in the Accent than in the Practice. And methinks your Scruple at the Expreſſion, might have done as well, if it had been ſeaſon'd with a little Charity for the Author. But we'll Compound that Point, if you pleaſe; and Mr. *Dreyden*'s next *Pagan* ſhall enter the Stage with a *Pater Noſter*. A man might make Remarques pleaſant enough upon the Remainder of your ſixth page, where you are pleas'd to ſport your ſelf with Mr. *Dreyden*'s Conſcience, and the *Equivogue* of *Aſſignation* upon *Love in a Nunnery*: but it is all Bubble, and breaks with the blowing upon. Here now you muſt permit me to ſay, You are too ſevere to Railly upon this laſt new Play ſo ſuddenly, before you can have the opportunity of Reading it: which makes ſome apprehend it with you, as with Fruit-women, who are ſo eager of venting the Earlieſt fruit, that they bring onely Traſh to the Market. And truly 'tis obſerved in your weak Objections, that you are Cautious what Devils you raiſe, leſt you ſhould not be able to lay them again. We'll now paſs to ſomewhat more material, and that is, your grand Exception to the *White-day*, in theſe Lines of his *Maximin*:

--Let us uſe all, for if we looſe one day,
That White one in the Crowd may ſlip away.

You urge, that it is not uſual in the Engliſh Tongue to call a *proſperous day* a *White day*. Where you muſt give me leave to minde you of a whole Neſt of Miſtakes one within another. Firſt, Mr. *Dreyden* does not intend a *proſperous day*, but a *day* that might have been *Proſperous*, if the Opportunity then offer'd had been improv'd; and adviſes the watching of all Opportunities that no Occaſions ſlip. Secondly, you argue, *that it is not Current, becauſe it is not Common*: which rate of Reaſoning will deſtroy all things that are excellent. And thirdly, that *White day is not good in Engliſh*. As if a Roman Emperour had been to be treated in the Engliſh Tongue. But it is very Elegant Latine. See the two

 firſt

first lines of the second Satyr of *Persius*:

Hunc Macrinæ diem numera meliore Lapillo
Qui tibi Labentes apponit Candidus annos;

Alluding to the Custom of casting a White stone into a Box upon every fortunate day, and a Black one on the contrary; neither (with your Critical leave) is it amiss in the Translation. Nor will it avail at all, your conceit of the *Dramatick White money* that put this *White day* in the Authors head; when it was in effect this *White day* which put a great deal of White money in the Authors Pocket.

You have another fling at him for his *Observations upon Men, their Words*, and *Actions*; and in short, *for bringing Humane nature upon the Stage*: Whereas you should rather have commended him for it, as the main End, Business, and Perfection of Comedy.

Quicquid agunt Homines, Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus nostri est farrago libelli.

This was *Juvenals* Theme, and may without any disparagement be Mr. *Dryden's*. But the poor man, it seems, is fallen under a miserable *Dilemma*; either he must represent on the one side what was never said or done, (and so make himself Ridiculous) or fall under the scandal of a Libeller for the contrary on the other. But as to what you charge upon him for falling upon persons, it is neither prov'd by you, nor justifi'd by me.

Another Objection you collect from the *Rota*, upon the *Contradiction* in a *severe and sullen joy*. *Seneca* tells you, *Res est severa Gaudium*. And then for your *Gloomy smile* too, which gives so much offence; I think *A Gloomy smile and sullen joy appear'd*, is as proper a form of speech, as *A Gloomy or Waterish sunshine*, when the Sun appears through a Cloud or Mist.

For *Mr. Dreydens Prologue to the Maiden Queen*, wherein *you tax him with Confidence*; this may be his excuse, *that Confidence as well becomes those that write well*,

well, as Silence those that write ill. Now (for all your severe Censures) however Mr. *Dreyden* is highly oblig'd to you, in giving your self the trouble *to finde out whether he was a Wit or no*; which is a very great trouble, I can assure you Sir: for all Philosophers are not Harc-finders: the pains being equal, as if you had gone to Mr. *Lilly*, or Cast his Ingenuity: for you prov'd it by as infallible a Signe, as any Privie Counsellor to the Planets could have certifi'd you by his Calculation, that is, by Logick, as thus:--

-Either you have a Gig, or you have lost a Gig.--

Which may be answer'd,

--You never had a Gig.--

Truly, a very Learned way of Conjuring and Arguing, much after the rate that some Soph-wits prove the Moon to be made of Green-cheese; whose Arguments are these:

The Moon is made of Green-cheese, or something else.
Now Custard is something else; and it is not made of Custard.

Ergo, *'tis made of Green-cheese.*

Another Accusation against Mr. *Dreyden* is, that his presumption extends to the defaming of his Predecessors, as *Ben Johnson*, &c. by saying,

-Then Comedy was faultless, but 'was course.--

This is the Commendation of a fresh Country-girl, that she is sound, but hard-favour'd: and it was a true definition of our predecessors Plays, The *Drama* and Poetical Methods were most accurately observ'd, as the Plot, &c. but view the Lines, apprehend the Sence, and compare the Language with those of this present Age, and then you'll perceive the difference.

For Mr. *Dreyden*'s Prologue to his *Maiden-Queen*, where you *tax him with Again for Boasting*; he does but confess his Little Theft honestly; and therefore justly merits a Pardon.

--A mingled Chime
Of Johnſon's *and* Corneille's *Rhime.--*

But if you condemn the Boldneſs of Poets, how comes *Ben Johnſon* to ſcape you? who when his *Sejanus* was hiſs'd, comes himſelf on the Stage, and ſpeaks thus to the Audience:

Gentlemen,
This in my Plays behalf I boldly ſay;
By God 'tis good; and if you like't, you may.

The next Impeachment you bring againſt Mr. *Dreyden* is for the obſcenity of his Comedies; where you term them all *downright Bawdery*, when the worſt of them is but Implicite. Now againſt ſuch Reports, he may plead that every Poet muſt ſtrive to pleaſe the Humour of the Age wherein he writes; and ſo does Mr. *Dreyden*, and ſo did his Predeceſſors. See *The Heireſs*, *Alchymiſt*, and *Bartholmew-Fayr*. Beſides, as a ſupple Courtier ought not to write againſt Flattery, ſo ought not you againſt Obſcenity,

Whoſe Railing Style is ſo obſcene and loud,
As if your very Muſe it ſelf went Proud.

'Tis a receiv'd Opinion amongſt all your Readers, that Mr. *Dreyden* did Prophetically railly upon you in his Epilogue to *Granado*, 1 Part; where he ſays,-

-They who write Ill, and they who ne'er durſt write,
Turn Criticks out of meer Revenge and Spite.

By your Writing, you do appear to be one of thoſe Spiteful Criticks, who, like old crabbed-fac'd Maids, wiſh there were no ſuch things as Beauty and Husbands, becauſe they have none; and do ſo malice thoſe who have, that they will Paint and Patch at Threeſcore years old to get them Beauty and Husbands; making themſelves Baboons on Earth, for fear of leading Apes in Hell. The onely Defence I can make for you, is the ſame Quibling Excuſe your Generoſity conferr'd on Mr. *Dreyden*, which was--

That

That he writ as well as any man-- that could write no better.

Now as for Mr. *Dreyden*, all theſe Errours wherewith he hath been tax'd, are ſo few and inconſiderable, that nothing but a ſelf-conceited Envie could have ſpy'd: which implies, either that he never committed great Crimes, or that you had not the Wit to finde them; to whom Mr. *Dreyden* makes this Application, in his Prologue to *Maximin*:

They who of each Trip the advantage take,
Finde but thoſe Faults which they want wit to make.

THE

THE ERRATA:

VIZ.

A COLLECTION of QUIBBLES

Out of the

Friendly Vindication.

See the *Friendly Vindication*, page and line as followeth.

OF *Critical Engines* levell'd againſt Mr. *Dreyden's Sieges* and *Conqueſts*. Pag. 1. lin. 10.

Sawcie Boldneſs, a pretty *Sawcebox-word*. See p. 4. l. 4.

He converts the word *Courſing* in *Maximin*, to be meant the *Rota Courſing his Muſe*, p. 5. See the Margin.

Cordials extracted from Mr. *Dreyden's Muſes Limbecks*. See the Receipt, p. 6. l. 1.

His Quibble upon the *Aſſignation*, or *Love in a Nunnery*. p. 6. l. 17.

White day: he there interprets *White* for *a Prophecie of White Money*. p. 7. l. 6.

That the *Drama* did require *too many drams of Wit*. p. 7. l. 15. that we muſt pardon.

A *Sir Poſitive Truth*. p. 8. l. 17.

He was going to adde *A Gloomy Smile*. p. 10. l. 3.

His *Logical Quibble*. See p. 11. l. 11, 13.

The

The *Dildo* of Mr. *Dryden*'s *Muſe*. p. 12. l. 28. A Bawdy Quibble.

That Mr. *Dryden* writ as well as any man--*that could write no better.* p.14. l.29,30.

Being under a *Gloomy Sullen Cenſure* of the *Rota*'s. p.16. l.11.

His Muſe to undergo a *Severe Penance* for his *Aſſignations* of *Love in a Nunnery.* p.16. l.13.

He would not ſuffer with *a Shrill Tender* eaſineſs of minde. p.16. l.14.

No more diſturb'd, then if a *Horrid Stilneſs did invade my ear.* p.16. l.23.

If here be not enough, ſtay for his next Reply.

His Objections againſt *Annus Mirabilis* are not worth Anſwering: beſides, I leave them for a New Text for his Muſe.

FINIS.

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